



A New Song Call'd the Young
LADY'S LAMENTATION
 FOR THE LOSS OF HER TRUE LOVE

It was early early all in the spring,
 When my lov William went to serve the Queen
 The raging seas and wind blew oigh,
 Which parted me and my sailor boy,

The night is long and I can find no rest,
 The thoughts of my willy runs in my breast,
 I'll search those green wood- & valleys wide,
 Still hoping my true love to find,

Come make then for me a little boat
 For its on the ocean I mean to float,
 To view the French fleet as they pass by,
 And I'll still inquire for my sailor boy,

She had not sailed more than a day or too,
 When a French vessel came in my view.

Oh Captain Captain tell me true
 Does my true love William sail on board with
 you,

What sort of cloths did your willy wear,
 Or what colour was your true lov'r's hair,
 A short blue jacket all bound with green,
 And the colour of alder was my tru loves hair

Indeed fair lady he is not here,
 But he is drowned gently fear,

On you green Island as we pass'd by,
 We lost site now and your sailor boy,

She wring her hands & tore her hair,
 Just like a lady in deep despair,

Oh happy, happy is the girl she cried,
 That has her true love drowned by her side,

Come all you seamen that sails along
 And all you boatmen that follow on,
 From the cabin key to the mainmast high,
 You must morn in black for my sailor boy,

